



384 Days (Logical Explanation For The Change Of The Days) by TheKleptomancer

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-12 21:21:47

Updated: 2018-03-12 21:21:47

Packaged: 2019-12-16 22:46:24

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,409

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Chief Hopper manages to keep El a secret all throughout the second season. Mike and Co. never find out about her. Now, he sits there at the Snowball, depressed and lovelorn, unaware of the surprise the night holds for him.

384 Days (Logical Explanation For The Change Of The Days)

Hey guys! IKR I have been on unofficial hiatus for a long time! But yeah, and my Spanish class is about to start ENJOY! This is rough stuff, I will edit and make the note longer in a few days.

He didn't know why he had dressed up in the first place, Eleven wasn't coming, and he wouldn't settle for any other female, it wasn't like they were asking him to dance anyway. Turned out he was wrong; two shy girls did come up to him. And believe me when I say this, it took all of his will-power not to shout and screech at them, punishing them for even daring.

His anger was causative of plenty of reasons, the prime one being the absence of his very dear El in his life. The other reason however should have been fundamentally wrong; he couldn't really blame his friends for enjoying themselves and forgetting about their very own mage. They didn't love her like he did.

Love? Yes, love. He had been confident of it for a long time now, their first meeting had evoked protective feelings within him, that later became awe and admiration when she had saved him. Their first lip-lock had ignited irrevocable adoration for the tiny brunette. And then...and then...mere moments later she had disappeared leaving him baffled and heartbroken. Then when Will had become sick again, and the other dimension arose more tension, he was secretly happy because there was a chance, a teeny-tiny chance that they would find Eleven again. And HE HAD HIS HEART SET ON THAT CHANCE.

But it had never happened, Eleven had never been waiting for him at the end of the tunnel. Maybe she was 'gone' after all. Without knowing it, he had wet his suit with his tears, currently still streaming down his face. Majority of the hall had their eyes set on him. He was beyond embarrassment now, screw what everyone thought about him. Mike got up storming out of the school hall, slamming the door behind him.

He rode his bike to his house at speeds his mother would scream at

him for. Truth to be told, he hadn't shed a single tear for Eleven after that one day she disappeared. His hope had driven his devastation away. And somehow, he had held it together for the last month, hoping that...

Mike wiped furiously at his eyes, everything coming down on him at once. He threw his bike, not bothering to think about the new dents that would be there tomorrow.

"Mike" His mother called from the bathroom, "Back already?" Yeah right, mom and dad were going out for their anniversary. Mike cleared his throat, "Yeah mom, i-it was getting boring." His mom would never understand; she knew absolutely nothing of Eleven. His mom, however, did hear his voice crack.

"Mike, honey? Is something the matter?" Not wanting to ruin his parents' night like his ruined Snowball dance, he replied with a negative. "No mom, Happy Anniversary, though"

He went down to the basement, collapsing on the couch. Eleven was 'gone' she was in heaven, never coming back. There was no point in wishful thinking. He buried his face in his hands, finally letting the bottled up emotions out. His cries were hoarse, animalistic almost, very much like her screams. About after what seemed like an eternity, his breathing slowed, his thoughts drifting back to El. Her smile, the one she would so shyly give out to him in those private moments they had, her innocence, when Dustin and Lucas had made inappropriate comments, her eyebrows would furrow in cute frustration, unable to understand the concept. And boy her hair, he loved it short, but would often wonder how it would look when longer, how it would feel to run his hands through it. Her lips, he had kissed them once, out of timidity and adrenaline. And boy! Did he want more...

For the second time that night, it came crashing down on him. Eleven was gone, why wouldn't his heart just accept the fact? Although, how had they managed to seal the upside down without her? No one had that kind of power over that world, no one but Eleven. Rolling out of the bed, he tried to extinguish that silly hope blossoming in his hectic, fluttering abdominal organ.

Slowly, he made his way to the place he went to every night, El's makeshift hideout. It was almost as if him going too fast would shatter the chances. Picking up the receiver with noticeable stealth, he brought it to his ear, altering the signal with masked anxiety and fear. The static scared him at first, before he muttered her name for the 384th time "El...Eleven?"

After a moment of silence, he whimpered "Please...Eleven, you have to answer me. Please, I need you, I am begging you." Another moment of silence passed, nothing answered him but the static.

That was when something inside him cracked, unleashing hysteria "ELEVEN" He shouted "ANSWER ME YOU LITTLE...I NEED YOU TO ANSWER ME" His eyes squeezed themselves shut, his voice quieting down. "P-please, I need t-to know that you are a-alive...So that I-I can come and get y-you"

"E-eleven..?" He said one last time, before throwing the communicator to the other side of the room and collapsing yet again, a sobbing mess he was, a pathetic little creature, he had let a girl take his heart in an acquaintance for mere days...Why? God, why?

He could have sworn he heard her call his name, he refused to acknowledge this delusion. His head had done that before, often times, he twisted around on his bike at the sound of his name, expecting to see El sitting behind him, even in the basement, he would often hear his name and look towards the shelter, expecting to see her smiling at him.

When he heard his name for the second time, he shouted, the hysteria breaking out again. Then he heard it yet again, calling out to him with slight annoyance, he shook his head at the realistic touch. He would not break his heart for the third time in one night.

Then it was there again, only this time it was a shout, sounded scarier than the screeching and growling of a Demogorgon.

Jane Ives sat in her room, Hopper's words playing in her head "When it's not dangerous anymore." Again and again, until her head spun. She knew that today was the dance, the Snowball dance, the one

Mike had promised she would go to with him. *Mike*. She missed him, more than the chief could ever imagine. He might have forgotten about it, she thought, he might be with that girl with red hair, Max, if she was not wrong. She wiped the tears of frustration off her face. *Danger*, she reminded herself, it was dangerous, but that wasn't why she had lost the fight to Hopper, it was because she realized that Mike and his friends did not have space in their lives for her anymore. Sure, Mike would call her, but she could tell that he was slowly giving up, on her.

There was this uncomfortable feeling bubbling inside her stomach like butterflies, but also that sinking burden on her chest, this wasn't much different from being trapped in Hawkins lab, only this time she wasn't forced to use her Telekinesis abilities. At least she had Hopper.

Sighing she got up, curiosity overcoming her intuition to break bonds with Mike. She knew that watching Mike be with Max would break her heart, but she was desperate to see him. The black silk was around her eyes, a permanent image of Mike in her head the only required object. And slowly, the physical world around her dissolved into a black void, trapping her inside. And then she saw him...

Paddling furiously on his bike, the moisture leaking out of his eyes, the ruffle in his hair, something was wrong terribly wrong.

All she could do was watch as he dropped his bike, not sparing a second glance, lied to mother and made his way to the basement.

Her own sobs flooded the place as she saw him crying. Eleven wanted, more than anything to call out to him, tell him that she was there, that he needn't not grieve, that she would be there for him in physical form someday. How long was this going to last? Hell, he didn't even know that she was alive.

All the lectures that Hopper had put so much effort into seemed meaningless at this moment, compared to Mike's angst, his anger and harsh consequences were meaningless. She might even agree going to Hawkins lab if it meant being able to have this reunion with her beloved.

Eleven got up, with her resolve so strong that she openly threw

everything blocking her way, the front door, so hard that it swung right off its hinges.

"Not stupid!" She repeated to herself, déjà vu igniting, as she stepped over the alert wire. Treading in the same path she had walked over a year ago.

She knew that the walk would be long, but it would definitely be worth it. El trudged her way through the forest, a part of her was frustrated that she would have to wait longer but her other side was relieved that she was able to break through. No red-head would stop her this time.

El made it over to Mike's house and sneaked in like she used to, with Mike. However, those times were long gone now, she remembered the day they had to run out because of papa's invasion, the day when she realized her true potential.

This was ridiculous, absurd, she had been waiting for over a year now, and now that she was finally here, she couldn't move. Eleven was unable to do anything, the sight of Mike in tears was devastating, the way he was begging her to answer, later when he shouted, she almost did so herself. Her heart shattered when he said that he was ready to go back to the upside down for her sake, but, it was as if someone was using her own powers against her. She flinched at the noise when Mike threw the device, and that seems to do it.

Gathering the pressure in her vocal chords she whispered, "Mike?"

He didn't hear her over his sobs, "Mike" She tried again "GO AWAY!" He shouted.

El was flabbergasted, hadn't he just...She shook her head, clearing all thoughts of leaving without his knowledge. This would NOT turn out like that day in the gymnasium. She would not be emotionally pulverized by a mere redhead.

"Mike." Once again, he shook her head, ignoring her. This ignited anger, anger within her, how could he of everyone not listen to her when he had been begging her to respond for so long?

"MIKE" It was an absolute shout, a miracle that there were no windows prone of shattering in the basement. She narrowed her eyes channeling the anger into a glare, that was oh so similar to Hopper's.

"MIKE" Her very own voice there was no mistaking it, for he could hear his eardrums vibrating even moments later. Slowly, he looked up, eyes widening as he saw white sneakers, followed by a jean jumpsuit and a thick jacket, and then a sharp chin, full lips, sharp cheekbones, chestnut curls met with brown eyes that were angry? Who was this girl and what was she doing in her room? And why did she sound like El?

And then it struck him, as hard as a ton of bricks, as hard as momentum when Troy pushed him, as hard as gravity when he landed on the fucking ground that one time. As hard as the slap that came from El right now, and boy it was hard, a thousand kilojoules of shock. **(Couldn't resist people, they're science nerds like me :-)
Finally found someone)**

And then the next moment, she was hugging him, pressing herself against him, so hard that it almost hurt, but it didn't. "El?" He questioned hoarsely, still not sure of the fantasy unfolding before him.

"Mike. I didn't mean to, I'm s-sorry" and then she was in tears too. For a second he sat there, stroking her hair vaguely, not able to digest the fact. And then....

"El!" He got up, capturing her in his grip. "Oh my god! I...El...I missed you." And then he was the one breaking down, Eleven trying to comfort him as best as she could. "I never gave up on you, I called you every night for..."

"384 days, I-I know Mike" He stilled, every joint in his body rigidized except for his shaking hands. "W-why didn't you answer me...El? There was an edge to his voice, it frightened her.

Eleven had calmed down to some extent due to the presence on Mike, but his accusation sent her off in hysterics again.

"Shhh" He said, his slight anger turning into all-consuming guilt. "I'm

s-so sorry El, I didn't mean for it to come out that way." However, that wasn't why El was sobbing like no tomorrow, she was guilty herself, for not acting against Hopper, even when it ate her inside to see him like this, to not be able to talk to him.

"It was H-Hopper." Mike's heart almost stopped beating "Hopper? You weren't in the upside down?"

El shook her head. No. Mike couldn't believe it, she hadn't been in the upside down, safe and sound, in the right world. He hugged her, kissing her forehead gently, disappointed in himself for not going after her sooner. He should've considered the possibility. No, it wasn't her fault, it was entirely his. But why had Hopper kept her hidden in the first place? Mike's anger directed at the chief was barely calmed down by the fact that El was in his arms.

"P-papa. He s-said that papa would c-come" Mike sighed, the thought of the old man was both dreadful and annoying at the same time. Hopper had been right to keep l a secret, but he had been wrong to tell Mike too. I mean, hadn't Mike kept El unknown to the world in the first place.

Shaking his head to vaporize the violent thoughts, Mike pulled away smiling, his zeal due to El's new cute look. Slowly, he patted her head, sliding his fingers through her gossamer curls. Relishing the softness of her skin he leaned in touching his lips with hers gently, holding back his lovelorn heart's commands.

Exactly like a classic movie, El had other ideas, she pressed herself against him, tugging on his locks, pulling him intimately close. Mike gasped at the sudden contact, not that it was an intrusion but he had not expected El to be like this, considering that she knew almost nothing about modern interaction between lovers.

He went along with it, mainly because he had been dreaming of it since the very day he had met her.

Their lips did NOT move in synchronization, he didn't expect that to happen anyway, they weren't professionals, but it was perfect. Cheesy or not, it was, there were no fireworks in the distance or sparks flying. (at least not literal ones) Yes, his stomach was performing

gymnastics but the only thing that he was aware of in that moment was El, the heat emitted from her body and the softness of her lips.

They pulled away gasping for breath, and El, he could tell, that girl was not an open book but he knew her so well now, pressed her forehead against his in a fit of embarrassment.

Then she remembered the girl, Max, if she wasn't wrong. Her eyes hardening, she pushed Mike away. As far as her knowledge went, hugging was only for people who you liked, and Mike seemed to like that girl better than her.

Mike was flabbergasted at Eleven's actions. Generally, she always stuck to him. "Did I do something wrong El?"

El's glare fierced, the table beside them started to tremble, it's wood suddenly splintering. "Why did you pretend to like me; why did you k-kiss me?"

El might have seemed to be angry but she was also hurt, more hurt than angry. She stuttered, unable to hold her emotions back. "El" He grabbed her shoulders desperately, his gaze frantic. "What are you talking about El, I would never lie to you. Friends don't lie, remem-"

He cut off, that one rattling his neurons. Before, he could even begin to formulate his response El burst "Well, what about THAT GIRL, the one with red hair, the one with the board with skates."

Mike gaped at her, forgetting about the fact that she was angry, "So you were there that day?"

El was in tears, Mike hadn't even tried to deny his bond with the girl, Max. She let out shallow breaths, her angry suddenly vaporizing, a deep throbbing taking over her. She backed away, turning to leave. Hopper would be so mad at her for leaving and it had all been done for nothing.

And then Mike grabbed her, pulling her against him roughly, kissing her with an edge to his passion, almost suffocating her at the speed and time.

When they parted, both were breathing hard. Mike took initiative, he pulled her against him, cradling her face in his grip. "El, Max is nothing, Nothing. You just came at the wrong time. I swear! You can ask Lucas; he's dating her anyway." His roughness had melted into calm and then into frantic rambling.

El had been surprised at the sudden intrusion, it had though, effectively melted away her anger and caused a thrill inside her and then if anything, his rambling had made his sound adorable and funny at the same time.

El's eyes widened when he mentioned Max being with Lucas, she had somehow learned the word. El giggled and pressed her cheek against his. "I'm sorry for getting mad..."

Mike chuckled rubbing her back soothingly. "Doesn't matter, I'm just glad you're here."

"Why didn't you come out and see me? Not that I'm holding it against you, god! I am so happy to have you back."

El stared at him innocently, "It looked like you two were...and I thought...so I left without." She broke off, frustration and guilt preventing her from saying anymore.

Mike nodded, he pulled her closer, kissing her forehead. "Did I mention I love your new hairstyle?" El blushed, looking down at her dress. Mike ran his fingers through her hair, savoring the feel and suppressing the words that he yearned to say so badly. He doubted El would understand the magnitude of his confession. *Screw it*, he thought. I don't want to lose her again.

"El..." He drifted off, his confidence experiencing a series of fluctuations. "El, I-I love you..." Mike stared into her eyes, genuine emotion overwhelming him. Love? El didn't know what love precisely was, but she did know that love was an intense version of like, thanks to all the television she watched. Mike loved her, her happiness was beyond bounds, she loved him right back. "I love you too, Mike."

And that was, undoubtedly, the happiest moment of both their lives.

Please., please Review, Favorite and yeah, review. This story took me a month to write and I missed on a lot of stuff while doing this. I hope you enjoyed reading this:) Will write more of Stranger Things fics if you guys support me. Love y'all and hope to see you soon.

*Sincerely,
The Kleptomancer*

IKR Keep changing my name! I am the same person as Annabeth-AD, TheKleptomaniac yeah, I can't even remember all of my pen-names. I swear guys, this is the last time I am ever changing my name.